conscious surface is fallacious: for when we study
and understand, we perceive that only a little of her
action and growth in us is conscious; the bulk of it
is carried on subconsciously as in the rest of her
material life. We are not only what we know of our-
selves but an immense more which we do not know;
our momentary personality is only a bubble on the
ocean of our existence.

A superficial observation of our waking con-
sciousness shows us that of a great part of our
individual being and becoming we are quite
ignorant; it is to us the Inconscient, just as much as
the life of the plant, the metal, the earth, the
elements. But if we carry our knowledge farther,
pushing psychological experiment and observation
beyond their normal bounds, we find how vast
is the sphere of this supposed Inconscient or
this subconscient in our total existence, —the
subconscient, so seeming and so called by
us because it is a concealed consciousness,—and
what a small and fragmentary portion of our
being is covered by our waking self-awareness. We
arrive at the knowledge that our waking mind and
ego are only a superimposition upon a submerged,

a subliminal self,—for so that self appears to us,—
or, more accurately, an inner being, with a much
vaster capacity of experience; our mind and ego are
like the crown and dome of a temple jutting out
from the waves while the great body of the building
is submerged under the surface of the waters.
This concealed self and consciousness is our